

LIFE OF SPY IS BRIEF AND FULL OF EXCITEMENT

Notebook of Official in France
Discloses Stories of Many
Daring Feats.

SHORT SHRIFT WHEN CAUGHT

Take Most Desperate Chances and
Usually Die With Back to Wall—
If Taken in Zone of Battle They
Are Tried on the Spot.

London.—These notes were written by a man engaged by the allies in an official capacity, whose duties continually called him from Paris to the firing lines of the Belgian, English and French, and who thus has unusual opportunities of talking with the soldiers and frequently seeing the battle:

The general and his staff have established their headquarters in a village a few hundred yards from the Belgian frontier. From the north comes the roar of heavy German artillery brought up during the night, from the west the duller sound of the big guns of British warships maneuvering four miles from the coast and doing good work.

A shuffling of feet in the roadway and shouted orders awaken me. A squad of French soldiers led by a lieutenant is gathered at the door, around two civilians, hands tied behind their backs. Spies! Caught on top of a haystack within a hundred feet of the general's headquarters. They had been in the neighborhood for a week, it seems, getting food no one knows where. They refused to speak. They had field glasses and note books, with the numbers of French and British regiments. The names of generals and numbers of batteries were found buried in the hay. On both men, sewn in the linings of their caps, were passes through the enemy's lines signed by one of General von Kluck's aide-de-camps.

Their case is settled in advance. Interrogated, they neither make denials nor confessions. Simply refuse to speak. Caught at eight o'clock, they are tried at 8:30, a broken table serving as judge's bench for a colonel and three captains called hurriedly from staff headquarters.

Six Shots End Their Lives.

A few questions to which no answers are forthcoming, a glance at the notebooks and passes found on the prisoners and it is over. Back of the farmhouse are a poultry yard and decrepit stable. Against the stable wall, eyes bandaged, hands tied, kneeling, the two Germans are placed, the six soldiers ten paces away. The lieutenant's sword is raised, six shots mingle into one. The law of war is carried out. It is nine o'clock.

Such incidents form a part of every day conversations in the camps and trenches on the firing line. If a spy is caught within the zone of battle he is tried on the spot, the trial consisting of an examination of the papers and documents found on the suspect, the hearing of witnesses and of the prisoner's defense. If no papers or documents are found and the witnesses are not sufficiently affirmative the suspect is released or sent to Paris for further examination, according to the views of the commanding officer.

If a suspected spy is caught outside the battle zone, say in Paris, a lawyer is designated to defend him, and in nine cases out of ten the spy is found guilty, and, unless he is French, in which case he is a traitor and dies, is

only sentenced to hard labor or imprisoned in a fortress.

Serves for Country.

A French counter-spying system with headquarters in Paris has done good work in sending to a quieter and, we hope, better world, several hundred too well informed Germans. Unlike that of Germany's, the French organization is recruited among volunteers, all civilians. None are paid in any way and no other incentive but to serve France is offered them. In this way the government has secured from all walks of life a good number of men, and even women, fond of excitement, who are after neither gain nor honor, but who would not stoop to such work in time of peace.

Up to date a dozen or so of these unarmed soldiers have disappeared, some prisoners, most have ended their lives, eyes bandaged, against a farmhouse wall, 12 German bullets in their bodies. When they started out it was with the understanding that the French government could not recognize them in case of trouble. Those that have died took a chance and lost. The "flyer" is worth while, for a week at counter-spying will often furnish more excitement than a month in the trenches.

The stories of spy chasing are now innumerable in French and British army circles. Here are a few of the most daring attempts made by the Germans since the beginning of the war: S— is a large town, 55 miles northeast of Paris. The houses are low, the church steeple alone being visible at any distance. The German artillery bombarded S— for three days, the church and its steeple alone, much to the surprise of the inhabitants, remaining untouched.

The third night of the bombardment a French sentry saw a light from one of the small windows high up in the steeple. The guard was called, and three men sent into the tower, which had seemed to bear a charmed life. There a man was found. For three days his lantern had served the Germans, who trained their guns a few points to the right and left of the light, certain their shells would strike the town. The spy was janitor of the courthouse; had been for four years, and confessed he was a German, having been sent to S— to report regularly to the military authorities in Berlin.

Spy Poses as Priest.

Two sentries guard a railway bridge near A—. It is ten o'clock at night. The village is a mile away. All day trains loaded with British and French troops have passed over the bridge. A priest approaches the sentries, going to the next village, he says, to give the communion to a dying farmer. Disregarding orders the sentries, good Catholics, allow the priest to pass. He disappears on the other side of the bridge. Suddenly one of the sentries sees a flicker of light along the ground 50 yards away. A rush to the spot and the good priest is discovered stooping at the base of one of the bridge arches. The stick of dynamite on the ground and blackened fuse in his hand leave no doubt as to his intentions. The sentries did not wait for a court-martial, but executed the "priest" on the spot. Papers found on him proved him to be a captain in a Hessian Hussars regiment.

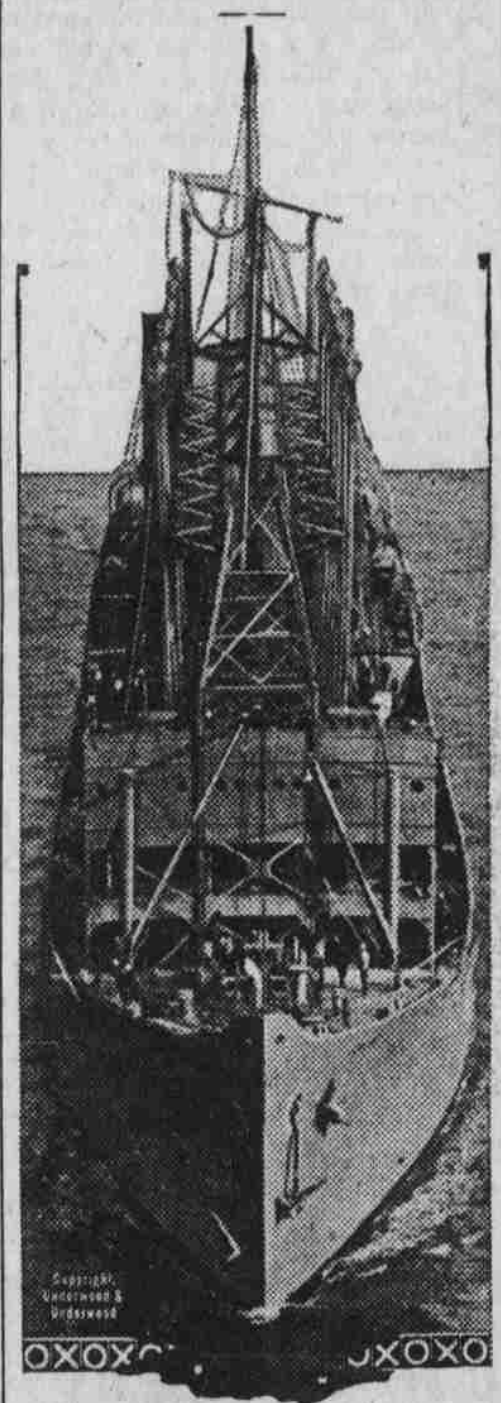
In a trench near the Belgian border, a few days ago. A jovial old chap, a farmer, comes along with a basketful of pears. The shooting has stopped for an hour or so, both sides needing a rest after 12 hours of uninterrupted fighting. A number of farmers in the region having refused to abandon their homes, no one questions the farmer's presence among the troops, and his basket is soon emptied. As they are given away the farmer is thanked all around and is just leaving when he is grabbed by the throat suddenly by one of the troopers, who half chokes his victim before shouting, "He's a German. He was my boss in Paris." And so it was. For 12 years Joseph Habig had been chief accountant in a big Parisian wall paper factory. He was German, every one knew it, but

he was a good accountant. Under him worked half a dozen young Frenchmen. Two days before the declaration of war his consul had warned him to leave Paris—and he had. His knowledge of French had been used by his officers when he joined the German army, and he returned. This time he stayed.

The last is the best. In Paris last month, at the war department offices, officers hurry in and out, orderlies pass like the wind, generals and their staffs discuss the campaign in the hallways, a young artillery officer, lieutenant of the general staff, according to the insignia on his collar, walks up and down idly smoking. A captain passes by, asks for a light for his cigar, and remarks, "Nice weather, lieutenant." No answer. The captain, surprised, repeats his remark. The lieutenant turns away. Angered the superior officer goes after him.

It's all over in a jiffy. Friend Lieutenant brought into a private office, answers questions with an over-the-Rhine accent, which is a trade mark. He is a lieutenant all right, but in the Eleventh Bavarian regiment. He has made the French war office his headquarters for over a week. Some of the Paris papers got hold of the story, which was, of course, cut out by the censor.

GIFTS FOR WAR ORPHANS



This picture shows the U. S. S. Jason as it left New York carrying 10,000,000 Christmas gifts contributed by the boys and girls of America and their elders for the orphans and refugees in the war zone.

PAPER RUN BY TELEPATHY

French Prisoners in Germany Publish Sheet to Overcome Longing for Home.

Amsterdam.—French prisoners in the concentration camp of Zossen, near Berlin, are publishing a weekly paper in the French language, which they call Le Heraut (the Herald). Le Heraut boasts of being the only paper which is in connection with the whole world—by telepathy. The aim of the paper is "to overcome the ardent longing for their country by the reaction of a sound, amiable, inoffensive and salutary humor."

STATE NEWS

OF INTEREST TO ALL
NEW MEXICO
PEOPLE

Western Newspaper Union News Service.

The Bank saloon at Santa Fé was robbed of \$80.

A car load of broom corn was shipped from Melrose.

The past season has been an unfavorable one for Roswell bee men.

The volunteer fire department of Gallup now boasts an automobile fire truck.

About 1,500 educators attended the State Teacher's Association meeting at Albuquerque.

The second death from diphtheria in Roswell occurred when Mrs. Joe Sanchez died suddenly.

"Rabbit camps" are being established in Chaves county for the capture of rabbits for market.

The Chamber of Commerce of Santa Fé will raise money to relieve distress during the coming winter.

The ballot box from Precinct No. 5 of Sierra county held up the completion of the official count of the last election for several days.

The members of the State Advisory Council of the George Washington Memorial Association have been named by Governor McDonald.

The Southwestern New Mexico Cattlegrowers Association was formed at Silver City at a meeting of the stockmen of that section of the state.

The following notaries public have been commissioned by Governor McDonald: W. O. Chatman, Blue Water; John L. Boyle, Raton, and Fermin B. Baca, La Joya.

An extension of time has been granted George R. Daring, of Rocky Ford, Colo., who is building a pumping plant to irrigate 640 acres of Chaves county land.

As a result of the anti-fly campaign conducted by the Woman's Club at Carlsbad, it is stated that eight bushels of flies were collected and paid for in the 1914 fly campaign.

M. H. Roberts, aged sixty, a well known resident of Raton and the county for thirty years, was discovered dead in bed by his nephew, Henry Roberts, with whom he lived.

The grand jury, in session at Las Vegas, has returned a no true bill in the case of the state against Amador Ulibarri for the shooting and killing of Pedro Padilla several weeks ago.

The Central States Life Insurance Company of St. Louis, having complied with the state regulations, has been admitted by the corporation commission to do business in New Mexico.

That the people of New Mexico are using the postal savings department of the federal government is evidenced by the fact that within the last year the deposits of the Roswell postoffice have increased several hundred times.

D. K. B. Sellers of Albuquerque, G. T. Veal of Roswell and J. J. Shuler of Raton, have been named by Governor McDonald as delegates to the fifth annual convention of the American Good Roads Association, to be held in Chicago Dec. 14 to 18.

The statement that Governor McDonald had granted a pardon to Vicente C. de Baca, sentenced to the penitentiary from Colfax county for forgery, was incorrect. De Baca was released from the penitentiary under the parole law in January, 1914.

J. H. Wagner of Santa Fé, J. S. Hofer of Tucumcari, Miss Pearl Miller of State College and Miss Ethel Pickett of Silver City, have been appointed by Governor McDonald to represent New Mexico at the eighth annual convention of the National Society for the Promotion of Industrial Education, which is to be held in Richmond, Va., Dec. 9 to 12th.